THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Journal devoted to the Interests of the Residents of the Suburbs of Washington.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

The Suburban Citizen Newspaper Co.,

J. M. WOOD, Business Manager.

No. 611 10th Street N. E.,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

ITS CONTRIBUTORS are Business Men, Business Women, Scientists, Plain People, Travelers, Poets, etc., etc. In other words, people familiar whereof they write, who tell their stories in a way that will interest our suburban friends.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One dollar per year, payable in advance. Single copies five cents.

☞ Advertising rates made known on application.

Address all letters and make checks payable to THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN, Washington, D. C.

Entered at the Post Office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

House Bill 2544 to abolish the office of Justice of the Peace is a good one and should be passed without delay.

A recent police order in Chicago prohibits freak advertising in the streets. To one man arrested, dressed as an Irish knight of olden times and bearing a tin shield with an advertisement upon it, a police captain said: "Why, that rig would make an automobile balk. It shall not be permitted."

A miner in Denver, Col., disheartened by hard luck, dug a grave, intending to get into it and blow his brains out. About three feet down he struck a lead of sylvanite and sold it to a tenderfoot for $20,000. If all would-be self-murderers stopped to dig their own graves before pulling trigger there would be less shoveling in needed.

The British casualties in South Africa have included an unusual proportion of officers, and a dispatch after the fight at the Modder River said officers must cease to wear distinctive uniforms. The Boers have been living up to the old reputation as sharp shooters which they won in the days when one of their chief occupations was hunting on the Transvaal plateau.

The new word "snitch" is destined to be useful. A snitch is an individual who scents and runs downs lawsuits. He is the jackal for the lawyer-lion. And, like his four-legged prototype, he feeds off the lion's bounty, remarks the New York Press. He draws a commission from the lawyer whose game he noses out. His field of operations is not the law courts, but the daily casualty column and the marital infelicity department of the sensational newspaper. He is pettifogger and private detective rolled into one. Snitch! A delicious word.

The war in South Africa is ostensibly to correct the Outlanders' grievances, but it will serve a purpose of far greater import. It will be the means of establishing a "United South Africa" under British hegemony, states a writer in Collier's Weekly. The South African Republic and the Orange Free State will no longer stand in the way of so desirable a consummation. The Transvaal Government, by giving an excuse for English aggressiveness, has opened the way for the unimpeded onward march of the audacious Anglo-Saxon through the heart of "the Dark Continent," stopping not until it shall reach the Red Sea.

WOUNDS BY MAUSERS.

MEN RECOVER WHO ARE SHOT THROUGH HEAD AND BODY.

Freaks That Are Played—Curious Cases of Which Record Has Been Kept by Major Rafter, of Kansas—The Remarkable Wound Received by a Lieutenant.

REGULARS now on duty with our army in the Philipines are wounded in peculiar ways sometimes and shots that apparently should cause immediate deaths give the victims little trouble. A wound from a Mauser bullet is easy to heal, provided a vital spot is not touched, and there are men walking around to-day, well and sound, who have had holes through their bodies and heads and bones.

Major Rafter, of the Twentieth Kansas, has kept note of some curious cases. "You cannot depend on Mauser bullets, for they often go into vital parts, and then all the skill of surgery cannot save the life of the victim," the major said, as he sat in the quarters the other day. "I cannot tell without counting up just how many men we have had wounded nor just how many have been killed or have died from wounds. Some of the wounds were from Remington bullets and they are much harder to treat than the Mauser wounds. There is a chance for blood poisoning in them, but that is not of such common occurence now as it used to be.

"Now for the list: Here is Edward Crane, who holds the record for the greatest number of wounds from a single shot. He was brought in, shot through the hand, the forearm, the muscles of his arm and his side. The wounds quickly healed and Crane was out again on the line wading rivers in two weeks.

FINGERS CUT OFF.

John M. Webber, Company I, put his hand to his belt for a cartridge and a Mauser came along and cut off the tips of his four fingers. Five cartridges were clipped by the same ball.

"That reminds me of an incident not down in the surgical records. A certain officer was sitting down out of harm's way, it was thought. He was talking to some friends. All at once there was a terrific explosion in his pocket and he rolled over backward, yelling like an Indian. We ran to him, thinking a shell from the enemy's gun had struck him and burst. When he was himself again he sat up and felt in his pocket, finding there a bunch of bent and exploded shells. He had had several Krag cartridges in his pocket and a bullet had struck him in such a manner as to explode the shells.

"Private Sherbon at the railway track at Caloocan felt a blow in the region of his heart. He jerked open his shirt and sure enough there was the hole. But the bullet was there, too, and he pulled it out with his finfiers, put it in his pocket and went on with the fight.

"Nicholas Tulahan received a wound while stopping to fill his canteen at a river. A Mauser bullet caught him in the shoulder and raged downward, coming out at the pit of the stomach. His wounds were dressed and he was sent to the hospital. There it was found that the ball had turned again on his belt clasp and had re-entered. It was found just under the skin. Tulahan got well without much delay.

DRESSED HIS OWN WOUND.

"One of the plucky things was the case of Harold Chambers, of K company. The day of the advance on Santa Tomas he received a slight wound in the side. He dressed it with a 'first aid' package and never reported. After it was well I found out about it. Then I asked the lad why he had kept still. 'I did not want my mother to know of it,' he said. Had he been sent to the hospital his name would have appeared in the official report.

"Probably the most remarkable case is that of Frank Semple, corporal of Company E. He was shot through the head from side to side on the day of the Santa Tomas fight. By the time he reached the dressing station he had lost a great deal of blood. His wound was dressed and later he was sent to the hospital in Manila. He is alive and well to-day and there is nothing the matter with him.

"Another peculiar case is that of Musician Portland Fleming, who was acting as litter-bearer when he received a shot in the thigh that passed out of his back. This happened March 28. He is alive and well to-day.

SHOT HOLE IN HARDTACK.

"There have been some curious incidents of close escapes. James W. Kirschner, of K Company, was sitting at his dinner one day, talking to his comrades and gesticulating with a cracker. A bullet passed between the men and caught the hardtack square in the center, leaving a neat hole and lots of astonishment for Kirschner. Similar to that is the experience of two Chinamen who were trotting along with a big can of coffee. A bullet went through both sides of the can near the bottom and the coffee ran out of the holes before the astonished 'Chinos' could plug up the leaks."

In the hospital to-day Lieutenant William W. Williams, of the Twelfth Infantry, is lying with a bullet wound received in the Angeles fight. The ball entered on the right side of his face at his cheek bone. No one knows where it came out or whether it came out at all. The Lieutenant says he lost a tooth, but the doctors cannot find that one is missing. They believe that he spit out the bullet and did not know it. There is every indication that he will get well.

Army and navy surgeons are greatly interested in a medical report from the Philippines in regard to a wounded marine. He was shot twice with Mauser rifles at Noveleta, both bullets penetrating the head in nearly the same place and coming out at different places. The brain was oozing out when the marine was removed from the field, and he was not expected to survive until the hospital was reached. He not only lived that long, but the last mail advices say he is living yet and will survive the wounds. It is likely the unfortunate marine will always be clouded mentally, and though this is the case now, he can ask reasonable questions and usually answer logically.

Roberts's Start in Life.

H. F. McGarvie, who was Director-General of the Midsummer Carnival held in Salt Lake City, in 1897, tells the following from personal knowledge, in explanation of his assertion that Representative Brigham H. Roberts is a fighting man and will not give up his seat in Congress without a hard battle.

"In 1871, a band of Mormon chiefs were on a missionary tour in the mountains of Tennessee. The mountaineers warned them to jump the country. The elders didn't pay any attention to the warning. A band of Whitecaps undertook to run them out and two of the elders were killed at a place called Calders Farm. The Tennesseeans refused to send the bodies home and served notice that if any more Mormons came to get the bodies, there would only be just so many more bodies to be recovered.

"The church called for volunteers. Roberts responded. He was a blacksmith in those days, and in that character he traveled to Calders Farm and opened a shop. Between shoeing horses and sharpening plow points, he managed to learn where the bodies of the elders were buried. One night he opened the graves of the elders and when daylight came he and the desired bodies were on the way to Utah. It was a big feather in his cap when he got back safe to Salt Lake City, and from that time on he had only to ask for whatever he wanted from the Mormon Church authorities. That gave him his start in public life."—New York Sun.

The Smiths in Congress.

There are now six Smiths in the House of Representatives, three of whom are from Michigan. Four of the Smiths are Republicans and two are Democrats. Illinois contributes one Smith, George W., of Murphysboro. There were two Smiths in the Michigan delegation last session, the better known being William Alden Smith. Another Michigan Smith is distinguished as "Little Sam" Smith of the Skeleton Army, the latter part of the sobriquet dating from the introduction of a bill for a certain form of army organization, while the new Michigan Smith is known as "Hank," an abbreviation of Henry, and the title is usually combined into "Hank-smith." There are regular Smith jokes among the Michigan delegation. Little Sam Smith says the state is in much the same position as Mr. Roberts of Utah, in the respect that it has three of a kind. Hank Smith says that he was nominated to secure the Smith vote for the party. William Alden Smith thinks it was the force of his example and the glory which he had reflected on the name which brought the cheaper imitations into the market.

Traveling in Colonial Days.

After the period of walking and canoeing had its day in colonial times, nearly all land travel, for a century, was on horseback, just as it was in England at that date. In 1672, there were only six stage coaches in the whole of Great Britain, and a man wrote a pamphlet protesting that they encouraged too much travel. Boston then had one private coach. Women and children usually rode seated on a pillion behind a man. One way of progress which would help four persons ride part of their journey was what was called the "ride-and-tie" system. Two of the four persons who were traveling started on their route on foot; two, mounted on the saddle and pillion, rode about a mile, dismounted, tied the horse, and walked on. When the two who had started on foot reached the waiting horse they mounted, rode on past the other couple for a mile, dismounted, tied and walked on; and so on.

A Hint For Next Time.

A few evenings since a certain young man called on his best girl to spend the evening. When about to return home the conversation chanced to turn to art, and the young lady said to him that he reminded her of the Venus de Milo, whereupon the young man was delighted, thinking surely it was symmetrical form she alluded to. When he got home he consulted an encyclopedia, and to his deep chagrin and mortification found that the Venus de Milo had no arms. He went down in the cellar and tried to butt out his brains on a soft cabbage.—Berlin (Ohio) Bee.

Mrs. O'Brien's Victory.

A woman named O'Brien was lately brought up in court for assaulting her husband. Her husband, being confined in bed, was unable to appear in court. The woman's face was bruised, one eye closed, the nose split, and she had a bandage over her head.

"What an awful condition the poor woman is in!" said the magistrate, pityingly.

"Och, yer worship!" exclaimed the woman, "but jest wait till yez see O'Brien!"—Tit Bits.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

To Preserve Window Sashes.

The sun, combined with the moisture which gathers on the sash, is destructive to the finish of the wood. If the exposed parts are oiled twice a year the wood will be kept in good condition. Use boiled linseed oil, and be careful not to get it on the glass. Put it on the woodwork with a small brush, and then rub it with a piece of flannel.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Comfortable Hair Mattresses.

A housekeeper who has made a study of economical comfort in her home has found after long experience that it is not the fulness of hair mattresses which adds to their comfort so much as close tufting. "I have my mattresses made in the house and under my own supervision. They are tufted every four inches, and they are half the thickness of the average hair mattress. One good hair mattress will make over in this way into two. This thickness is ample for the woven-wire springs commonly used. Nor do my mattresses have to be made over nearly as often as those of my neighbors. They do not mat because the hair is held in place by close tufting. The upholsterer will look upon this notion as foolish, but if it is once insisted upon, its test will be found convincing."

About the Use of Soap.

There is a good deal of nonsense, according to one authority, about the use of soap. Any good soap that is manifestly not made of rancid oils is efficient and harmless if it is properly used. Almost no soap will ever chap or roughen the hands if the latter are thoroughly rinsed in clear water. Not one person in a dozen washes his hands properly, because of the neglect of this important part of the operation. Another point about soap is that where it is used in cakes the cake should be rinsed before being returned to the soap dish. Dirty soap dishes and cakes of soap with crusted suds upon them can be found in many otherwise neat homes. The best soap dish for cleanliness and economy is a rubber one. This is quickly scoured out every morning, and there is no fear of its clinging to a moist cake of soap and dropping to crack or break an expensive marble bowl, as metal or china may. Powdered soap in a shaker is the most sanitary and economical kind to use in a family. A further desideratum for the washstand is powdered pumice-stone in a common salt shaker. A dust of this on the fingers when washing will quickly remove ink and other stains.—New York Post.

Surely an Artistic Screen.

An impecunious maiden in New York City with artistic tendencies recently found herself in need of a screen to hide the baldness of the necessary washstand, the one disturbing element in an otherwise dainty room. A friend gave her a Japanese screen of dilapidated antiquity, adding that she could recover it and it would then be as good as new.

After pricing the pretty things in tapestry and Oriental drapery our ingenious maiden decided she must manufacture something herself. She invested in a heavy cartridge paper of a dark gray tone, which she carefully pasted on one side of the screen. Across the bottom she made an artistic scroll design in sepia, and then sat herself down to wait for visitors in the artistic and decorative line, of which she had many.

Her first caller was a youth whose drawings have enlivened the pages of many a daily journal. To him she explained her predicament, and he good naturedly produced the ubiquitous bit of crayon and sketched in one of his popular cartoons. Other friends soon came to her assistance, and at the end of a week the screen was finished, completely covered with autographed sketches, all of considerable artistic merit and many of no little intrinsic value as well.

Recipes.

Lima Bean Salad—For each person place a tablespoonful of cooked Lima beans on lettuce leaf. Add a very little chopped celery and beet and cover with any good salad dressing.

Steamed Chicken—Rub the inside of a chicken with pepper and a saltspoonful of salt, wrap it in a white cloth and steam for one and one-half hours. For the gravy: Take a pint of the liquor from the kettle, skim off the fat, add pepper and salt to taste and thicken with a quarter of a cupful of flour, mixed smooth in one cupful of cream. Add a little lemon juice and celery salt. Serve garnished with slices of hard-boiled eggs.

Waldorf Cornbread—Beat yolks of five eggs very light, then add two cups milk. Sift one cup meal, one cup white flour, one tablespoonful sugar and two rounded teaspoonfuls baking powder together and stir into the beaten eggs and milk. Melt two tablespoonfuls butter and stir into the batter. Beat the whites to a stiff froth; fold into the batter. Grease a shallow pan, turn in the batter and bake in a moderate oven thirty-five or forty minutes. Serve in baking pan.

White Fruit Cake—Beat one cupful of butter and two cupfuls of sugar to a cream, add two-thirds of a cupful of sweet milk, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, thoroughly mixed with two and one-half cupfuls of flour, then stir in the well-beaten whites of six eggs and beat well; now add one pound of citron cut in thin slices and dredged lightly with flour and one pound of blanched almonds chopped coarsely. Bake slowly in tins lined with buttered paper, and cover with a nice frosting.

A Small Boy's Discovery.

"Dear Grandma," wrote the little boy, "I saw the fog horn and heard it blow, but the fog doesn't come out of the horn."—New York Sun.